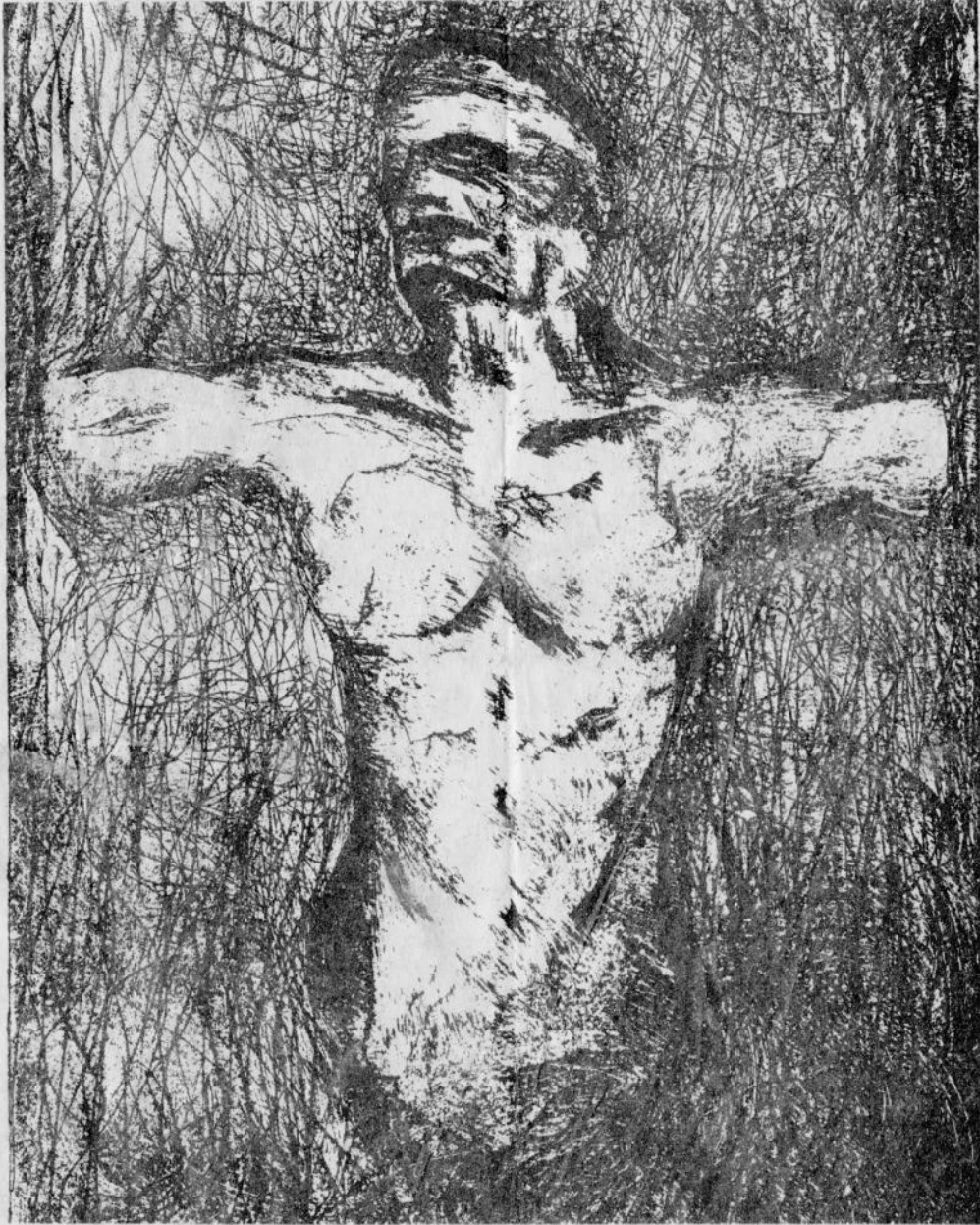


Lizards Eyelid **SUMMER**



POETRY
FICTION

EYEHATEGOD
BRUTAL JUICE
CHAOS UK



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Eye of the Editor

I would love to have the opportunity to "smell the roses" if you will and share the finer, more satisfying aspects of the scene in the editorial. However, a lot of "roses" turn out to be weeds. I know what you're thinking, are you crazy, I'd rather smell weed than rose petals any day! Okay, it's a stupid metaphor.

The point is, we are ripping each other off and it sucks. It is destroying the very fabric of the scene that we seek to preserve. If I had all the money that people owe me, I could do an issue every month for the next two years.

I want to first say that there are a lot of people involved in the scene that are honest and are truly striving to make a positive difference. However those individuals are becoming more and more rare.

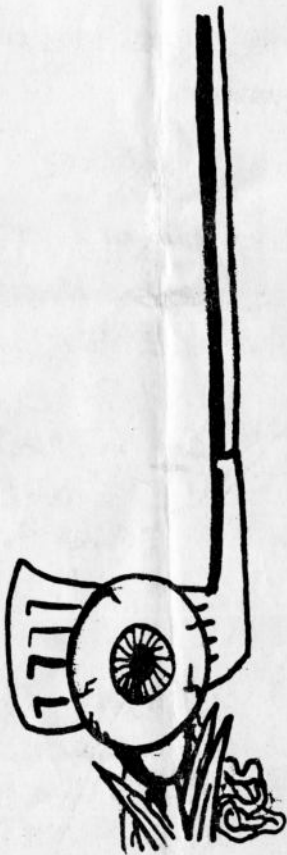
If you think that you are contributing by paying your \$5 for the show you have got your head up your ass. Even if an independent promoter is involved, he/she rarely sees more than the satisfaction of having brought a killer band to whatever suburban hellhole you call home. The cash goes first to security, club owners, bar maids, doorpeople, clean up, insurance expenses, electricity, promotion, then if they're lucky

enough to warrant it, the band gets paid. That's the reality.

One solution is spot venues; like your house, a warehouse, a lot, a community space, etc. However, you better not promote too well or the cops will be sure to make themselves an invitation. Also, if any stupid kids get annihilated in the pit after watching too many Ministry videos on MTV, their mom and dad are going to jump on the chance to win the lottery in court with all your future earnings. There are a lot of problems there.

But lets not digress, the point is...get off your ass; start a band, do a zine, submit material to local zines, refuse to pay more than \$5 for any show, don't ever let me catch you in line at ticketmaster, don't be ignorant about the affiliations of the companies that you innocently support, volunteer in your community, build a ramp, travel, just don't get so apathetic that you begin to identify with the people on talk shows and start talking about the actors on 90210 like they are your friends.

So that leads me to the next issue. Who are your real friends? I mean really. How well could you possibly know someone, even if you live with them? So here is the story, maybe



it will make you think twice about who you trust or maybe you will just think me a gimp. I happen to be a really giving person, I am, or used to be like Johnny Appleseed with my house, my drugs, my food, and everything else that might be available to me. I've always employed a sort of Marxist philosophy wherever I've lived with others, what's mine is yours etc. That was then, now I think a little bit differently...

I moved into my own place in Gainesville, after living with countless roommates in countless places. This time it was all mine, my own space, everything. But there was rent, a new dilemma.

So I needed a roommate. This guy that I thought I knew from S Florida (we'll call him), Willis, gave me a month's rent and moved in. Soon after a very old friend, also from SFL, (we'll call him) Weasel, called me. It seems Weasel's girlfriend dumped him and he thought everybody was going to kill him because he is a paranoid kook. So I invited him to stay at my place. So a month goes by and I don't see rent money from Willis or Weasel. I blew it off, I had cash and they had food stamps, so it seemed all right. I was really busy with school and my cushy job in the art department at school

scraping gum off the sidewalks, mixing paints and glazes, sweeping up sawdust, and modeling nude for the art class. Weasel needed cash so I paid him to clean my room and office space. It turns out that he cleaned more than the room out, he took my t-shirts, records, books, fliers, pictures...he basically helped himself to everything and anything that he wanted. I got some of it back, but half the records got traded for weed or some shit. In the meantime Willis has made over \$300 in phone calls and stashed the bill away. So Weasel was on the first bus out of town and I was trying to get Willis out. Then comes Roach,

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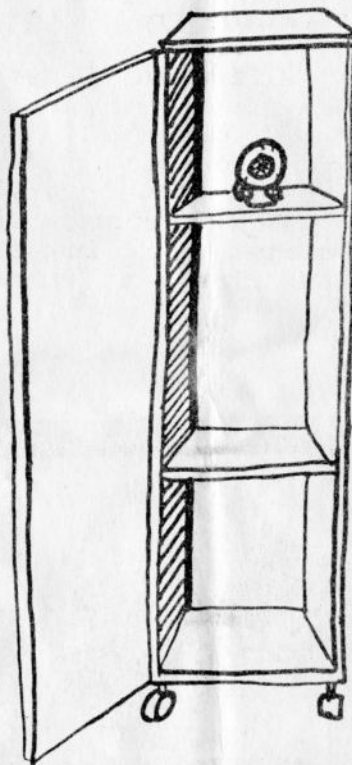
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this big time wanna-be squatter who never spent more than an hour anywhere without a toilet. Roach seemed cool, he was amusing anyway because he couldn't tell the truth about anything. But if you wanted to hear about how he used to be in a band with Bobby Steele or how he and Lee Ving are related, you had come to the right liar. Roach was really lonely, so he called about 6 different girls in 4 different states every night to tell them how much he loved them and that they were the only one. He would occasionally call collect, so I thought that was what he was always doing. His final phone bill totaled almost \$700, although I didn't get it until he was gone. Okay, if you think that is bad, this tale has only begun. Willis's friends came to visit, for three days, at this point I had a block on the phone, but they called the phone company and got an access code, \$190 in 3 days. When they left they took my jewelry, some of my clothes, my drivers license, and my checkbook. They proceeded to drain my account of all the money saved and intended for the issues that never made it and got a ticket on my license on their way to California. About a week after they left, a friend from high school showed up with her boyfriend for a week or so, which not surprisingly turned into a month and a half.



(We'll call them) Staci and Matt were basically decent guests, they didn't destroy anything or steal anything material from me, but they helped themselves to Ma Bell at the Lizard house and made \$150 in calls that have never been repaid either.

Finally, I got my house back - no one ever paid me rent (except Willis the first month), Roach paid \$275 of what he owed, but only because I threatened him. The rest of it, I am still paying off. I wanted to blow my brains out and I started to hate everyone more than I ever did before. The whole thing happened so fast that I didn't see it coming.

All of these people called themselves punks. Real punks don't steal from each other, they don't lie to each other, they don't pretend to be someone that they are not. Those people proved themselves to be nothing but waste, a total loss to the social revolution that punk is built on. I had planned sweet malice on each one, but now I just pity them.

What doesn't kill me makes me strong. It is better to regret something that you have done than to regret something that you haven't done. Both of those have fucked me more than once, but I endure and they are still struggling with their miserable lives. We all struggle, but at least I don't take handouts and steal from my friends, I do it myself, everything. What other noble way is there if you hope for any self preservation?

INTERVIEW!

CHAOS UK

VYNEE: HOW IS THE TOUR SO FAR?

Marvin: We're not on tour. We actually live about three miles down the road. We're not actually from the UK, we've just put on these accents...and women's clothing after the show.

STERLING: WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE WEIRDEST ASPECT OF AMERICAN CULTURE?

Marvin: The way they all chop each other's legs off, swap legs and sew them back on together, so people have different people's legs on. That's the weirdest custom I've seen so far.

STERLING: IN WHAT WAYS DO YOU THINK SHOWS HAVE CHANGED HERE OVER THE YEARS?

Marvin: Well, they don't have the same clothes on as last time.

STERLING: HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT THE KIDS ARE YOUNGER?

Marvin: Yeah they are I suppose, younger and stupider.

STERLING: WHO HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING WITH ON THIS TOUR?

Marvin: That's none of your business...PUBLIC NUISANCE in NY. And all these bands that go arghargyarchg (gratuitous metal vocals).

VYNEE: SO HOW WAS IT GETTING THROUGH CUSTOMS AT THE AIRPORT?

Marvin: We had to dress up all smart and tidy. And people thought we

were here for the gay Olympics. We got to customs and they say "Hey ya'll here for the gay Olympics?" So I said 'sure.'

STERLING: WHAT KIND OF VENUES DO YOU LIKE TO PLAY BEST?

Marvin: Titty bars.

STERLING: HAVE YOU REALLY?

Marvin: No.

STERLING: BUT YOU'D LIKE TO, WOULDN'T YOU?

Marvin: Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

STERLING: DO YOU HAVE GROUPIES WHEN YOU ARE HERE?

Marvin: Yeah, but they're all little boys.

STERLING: I THOUGHT YOU LIKED LITTLE BOYS?

Marvin: Not as much as big girls.

STERLING: DO YOU HAVE AN INVOLVED CONTRACT WITH CENTURY MEDIA?

Marvin: They have a contract out on us. Or they will when this is over if we don't pay them all the money back.

STERLING: HAVE YOU HAD RUN INS WITH THE POLICE HERE?

Marvin: Oh yep, sure.

Chaos: Last year when we played in Salem, they came in and closed the show down. The cops here are funnier than they are over in Europe. Probably because we are tourists.

They come with 5 foot sticks and beat the hell out of everyone.

VYNEE: DID YOU GUYS FIGHT BACK?

Marvin: No we jumped in the van and hid.



There were a bunch of speed freaks smashing up the club, so they called the police in.
STERLING: DO YOU SUPPORT POLITICAL OR SOCIAL CAUSES?

Marvin: Yeah the get CHAOS UK rich fund. Donations are appreciated. All the different members of the band have different views...so.

STERLING: WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT AMERICAN TELEVISION?

Chaos: Rubbish.

Marvin: Druggish.

Chaos: We have 4 channels of quality, where you have 5,000 channels of bullshit.

STERLING: DO PEOPLE TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE OLD?

Marvin: We are old.

STERLING: DO YOU FEEL OLD?

Marvin: We feel each other every night.

STERLING: ARE YOU INVOLVED IN OTHER BANDS OR PROJECTS?

Marvin: I am a painter and decorator. And a gay activist.

Chaos: I just wash dishes.

STERLING: HOW DID VIC COME TO BE IN THE BAND?

Marvin: I met him in my gay activity group, he was a therapist. Eventually I found out he could not only sit on a guitar, he could play it. So he joined the band.

STERLING: ARE YOU PLAYING MORE OLD OR NEW STUFF NOW?

Marvin: We still play techno rave with a bit of reggae.

STERLING: IS THERE A BIG REVIVAL OF PUNK TREND IN BRITAIN TOO?

Marvin: Not really. The bands still get together every so often. There are all those bands that reform every five minutes. They don't

low up at any gigs all year round. The TEST TUBE BABIES, ADDICTS. I mean they split up ten years ago and no one is really interested. The SUBHUMANS are back at it I think.

STERLING: HOW HAS YOUR MUSIC CHANGED?

Marvin: It hasn't.

Chaos: I guess it has slowed down a lot. We're getting older. We've sort of cut away from the yelling and screaming school of punk rock.

STERLING: DO YOU HAVE KIDS?

Chaos: I have 10 kids, really.

Marvin: Not bad for a homosexual really.

VYNEE: I HEARD THAT IN BALTIMORE WHEN YOU STAYED AT SOME KID'S HOUSE, YOU CUT OUT ALL THE ELECTRICAL SOCKETS. IS IT TRUE?

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Marvin: Probably.

VYNEE: YEAH, AND YOU GUYS WROTE ALL OVER THE HOUSE IN MARKERS, SOMEBODY JERKED OFF IN A CLOSET, AND IT GOES ON AND ON.

Marvin: Did we?

Chaos: That sounds like us. We redecorated it.

Marvin: We're a public nuisance. When we're bad, we're very, very bad.

VYNEE: DO YOU THINK THE TECHNO RAVE SCENE KILLED PUNK?

STERLING: WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING? HOW COULD SOMETHING SO BORING AS TECHNO KILL ANYTHING BUT A GOOD TIME?

Marvin: Yeah, really. But punk killed itself years ago. There are all the kids with spikey hair and leather jackets with BLACK FLAG t-shirts on, but they are usually a bunch of students. And if you look down they're all wearing sneakers. All these new bands have learned to play their instruments, ruins it really and it took the fun out of it.

STERLING: DO YOU THINK A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DEAD BEFORE THEY ARE DEAD? I MEAN, GG ALLIN'S RECORDS HAVE NEVER SOLD SO WELL, AND HE MADE INTO ROLLING STONE BUT IT WAS FOR BEING DEAD, IN THE PHYSICAL SENSE.

Marvin: The thing about GG ALLIN is he had a one inch dick and his biggest thing was he couldn't get a hard on. If he had a dick down to his knees he wouldn't have to smash himself up with a bottle. That's my view on it anyway.

STERLING: HAVE YOU EVER EATEN YELLOW SNOW?

Marvin: I've eaten meatloaf. I have eaten all kinds of ridiculous things.

STERLING: DO YOU SUPPORT THE LEGALIZATION OF MARIJUANA?

Marvin: No, because then you won't make any money when you sell it, will you? I don't care really. It doesn't matter if it's legal or not, it doesn't stop me doing it and it doesn't stop anyone I know doing it.

STERLING: WHAT KINDS OF THINGS DO YOU DO TO EACH OTHER WHEN YOU'RE ON TOUR?

Marvin: All kinds of things from shit throwing to anal penetration.

STERLING: WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU HATE THE MOST?

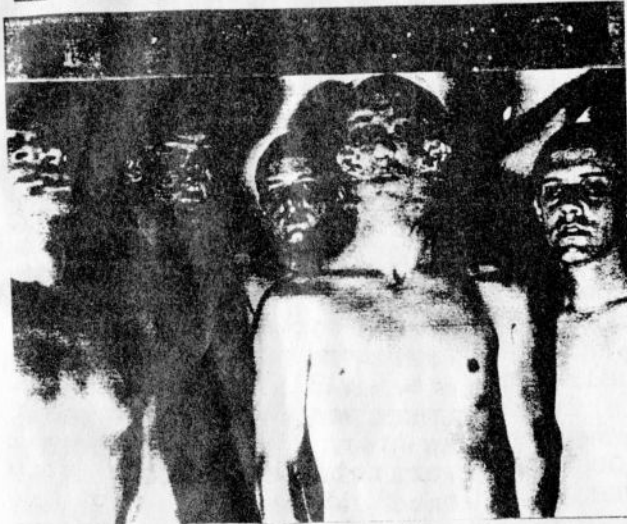
Marvin: I hate and love all things I suppose. Except country western, that I will hate.

STERLING: DOES ANYONE LISTEN TO THAT IN BRITAIN?

Marvin: Oh yeah, shit kickers are shit kickers, it's universal.



BRUTAL JUICE



INTERVIEW

STERLING: IF YOU COULD CHANGE OR ABOLISH ONE LAW, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Ben: Legalize drugs. Then I would be able to smoke pot and that would make me happy.

STERLING: WOULD YOU LEGALIZE ALL DRUGS OR JUST POT?

Ben: I don't know, if we were to legalize all drugs it might...it might be okay.

STERLING: IT SEEMS THAT THE PEOPLE THAT CREATE THE LAWS REGARDING DRUGS ARE THE INDIVIDUALS WHO ACTUALLY KNOW THE LEAST ABOUT THEM. WE ARE BOMBARDED WITH THESE PREFABRICATED SCARE STORIES CREATED BY THE DRUG WAR THAT ARE BASICALLY UNFOUNDED.

Ben: I remember seeing these propaganda films in school like injecting male monkeys with THC and they would like grow breasts and all kinds of shit. That's ridiculous, the amount of THC that was being administered to the monkeys in one sitting was about as much as a normal pothead would smoke in three or four years. The government

is essentially full of shit with their little drug laws.

STERLING: DO YOU REFLECT THAT IN YOUR MUSIC AT ALL?

Ben: Our music is basically a reflection of our freaky lives.

STERLING: YOUR SONG ROCKTOWN IS ABOUT CRACK AND IS UNIQUE IN THE FACT THAT IT DOESN'T PREACH AGAINST THE DRUG, NOR DOES IT ENCOURAGE IT. IS THERE A DRUG THAT YOU WOULD ENCOURAGE PEOPLE NEVER TO TRY?

Ben: I don't know, never to try. I mean some drugs are so good it's hard to not get hooked on them. If you could do them once in a while and not get hooked it would be okay, but that seems to be only a small minority of people.

STERLING: ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE ROCHES?

Ben: Oh yeah, that mexican downer thing. I suggest people don't do that. I was at a show and I took one thinking I wouldn't be able to afford to drink. Somebody showed up and bought me a couple of drinks and I feel over, cracked my head open and had a concussion.

STERLING: IT'S REALLY BAD WITH ALCOHOL, WE KNOW A COUPLE OF PEOPLE THAT HAVE DIED ON THIS DRUG AND PLENTY MORE WHO WANT TO BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU SO DEPRESSED.

Ben: I agree, those things are grim, I wouldn't suggest them to anyone. They are definitely are a bad mix with alcohol, and they do make you feel like shit the next day.

STERLING: SINCE I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LIVE, HOW COULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR SHOWS TO ME?

Ben: They're loud and very energetic. Craig is all over the place. There is some cool mid

tempo and fast stuff.

STERLING: DO YOU USE A LOT OF VISUAL MEDIUMS?

Ben: Not really, only because we can't really afford it. We have a strobe light that really annoys people. We don't have screens with crazy little films going on or anything.

STERLING: I WAS REALLY INTRIGUED ABOUT YOU GUYS BECAUSE OF WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY THAT CRAIG HAS ON STAGE. I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE A BAND, MAYBE MORE THAN TO ACTUALLY HEAR THEM, BECAUSE THE FRONTMAN'S ADRENALIN CAN REALLY MAKE THE SHOW GREAT EVEN IF THE MUSIC SUCKS. LIKE WHEN YOU SEE A BAND LIKE FUGAZI, YOU KIND OF FEEL LIKE YOU'VE BEEN RIPPED OFF BECAUSE THEY JUST STAND THERE AND PLAY AND THEN IT IS OVER. ALL YOU WALK AWAY WITH IS MAYBE THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING THAT THEY CAN ACTUALLY PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS. I THINK A LOT OF PEOPLE AREN'T WILLING TO PAY FOR A SHOW ANYMORE BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID THAT IS ALL THEY'LL GET.

Ben: That's not the case with us. No not Craig, we are all going to make a show of it. We pride ourselves on that. We know we are going to give you a good show. If people pay their money and get a lame show it's a drag. For the most part people get their

money's worth, we provide an in your face live show.

STERLING: HOW DO YOU THINK PEOPLE FEEL WALKING AWAY FROM ONE OF YOUR SHOWS?

Ben: Our shows seem to be intense. A lot of people walk away drained. Of course it depends on the person, one person might look like he has been through some kind of hell or another person looks totally amped afterwards. STERLING: HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED A SHORTER SET BECAUSE THERE ARE LESS PEOPLE THERE THAN YOU HAD HOPED?

Ben: No, the only reason we abbreviate our set is because of time or equipment failure. Our sets usually range between 45 minutes to an hour. We've noticed that people can't handle much more than that, it gets too intense and draining. It's like getting beat up for two hours.

STERLING: IF YOU COULD HAVE A BOXING MATCH WITH ANYONE, WHO WOULD IT BE?

Ben: Rush Limbaugh. Just so I could beat him up. That's today's choice anyway. Any ultra conservative fuck will do.

STERLING: IF YOU WON THE LOTTERY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH THE MONEY?

Ben: I'd start by buying a big bag of weed. I'd buy Craig some shoes. I'd buy some nice gifts for the guys in my band, 'cause I love them,

they're my boys...ooh, that was a pretty hick thing to say. I'm sure I'd buy my girlfriend something. And I'd save a lot of it of course.

Craig: Would you buy me a truck?

Ben: Oh sure, I'd buy you Dualy. If I ran into some crazy amount of money, I'd want to gather materials to start a studio kind of thing.

STERLING: WELL YOU HAVE AN IN HOME STUDIO FACILITY DON'T YOU?

Ben: Sam, our bass player does. That is where we have done most of our recording. It's an 8 track with a 16 track board. It's pretty basic. But we recently went to a real studio and do some work, that was a blast. We got the result and it passed the LSD test the other night. It's very cool to hear it, knowing we busted our ass for two weeks, recording it.

STERLING: WHAT WOULD BE THE IDEAL LINE UP FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH?

Ben: We were just talking about that the other day, joking around.

Craig: I'd like to play with JOHN SPENSER BLUES EXPLOSION AND THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS.

Ben: And the FLAMING LIPS and THE JESUS LIZARD and BABOON, the MELVINS.

Craig: I want to play with SLAYER.

STERLING: WHAT IS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE THAT YOU EVER MADE AS A BAND?

Craig: Letting someone



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bring roadkill into one of our shows.

Ben: And putting it up like pinatas. It grossed everybody out, including some of the band members.

Craig: Although it wasn't really a band decision to do it.

STERLING: WERE YOU SURPRISED THAT YOU WERE APPROACHED BY ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES?

Ben: It was certainly not something that I had really considered. I never would have imagined, especially knowing and hearing of Jello Biafra's antics. It's cool though, after that single came out

we started getting more kids at the shows based solely on the merit of being on AT. Then they get exposed to it, and they like it. It's funny because we never were really heavy into the punk thing, at all. Basically we are learning more about the punk thing day by day, people come to our shows that are into it and expose it to us. And they call us punk, so hey whatever.

STERLING: THAT SAYS SOMETHING PRETTY SPECIAL ABOUT YOUR MUSIC WHEN IT DOESN'T GET SHUFFLED AWAY IN A NEAT LITTLE CATEGORY.

Ben: That's what we think. People say 'well what do you sound like?'

Craig: We don't know.

Ben: We don't try to cater to any specific genre. We don't say 'yeah, lets try and sound like them STONE TEMPLE PILOTS.' That's not our goal.

STERLING: DO YOU EVER PLAY COVERS?

Ben: We occasionally bust out with a JOY DIVISION tune. When we first started out we played "Floated Away" by HUSKER DU. Sometimes "Gary Floyd" by the BUTTHOLES. I think at some early drunken shows we did more, just for the fun of it.

Craig: Always for the fun of it.



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INTERVIEW

EYEHATEGOD



Photo By
WAITER

STERLING: TELL ME HOW YOU LIKE PLAYING FLORIDA COMPARED TO OTHER STATES.

Brian: Every show we've done in Florida has sucked except one show we did in Tampa with CAVITY and BUZZOVEN, that was really good. And this one looks like it will be pretty good. Last night in Daytona was pretty good.

STERLING: A LOT OF BANDS DON'T WANT TO COME TO FLORIDA BECAUSE THEY THINK THE PROMOTERS ARE RIPPING OFF THE PEOPLE AND BANDS, TELL ME THAT HASN'T BEEN YOUR EXPERIENCE.

Brian: We've never had any problem with promoters.

Jimmy: Last night's show was only four bucks, that's not bad.

STERLING: BECAUSE OF THE DIVERSITY OF YOUR FOLLOWING, A LOT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF PEOPLE COME OUT FOR YOUR SHOWS.

Jimmy: Half the time it's like we're not metal enough for the metal people or too metal for the punk people.

Brian: But sometimes it gets right in the middle and everybody gets into it.

Jimmy: Regardless of who we tour with, we never really fit.

Brian: We played with NEUROSIS and BUZZOVEN in Frisco and that was a killer line-up.

Joey: Plus everyone in the band likes different music,

everybody does different shit. This is what comes out of all these people together, it's no set thing.

STERLING: DID YOU ALL FORM THE BAND AT ONE TIME?

Brian: We are all just accumulated as the years went by.

Jimmy: This is just the most solid line up of everybody.

STERLING: HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW PRO PAIN COVER?

Brian: No.

STERLING: PRO PAIN USED THE SAME POLICE FILES PHOTO ON THEIR ALBUM AS YOU HAVE ON YOUR T SHIRTS.

Brian: That picture just adds to the atmosphere of what it's about. It's a visual to go with the music.

Joey: When we do those collages, there is really no basic motive behind it. Each piece of it takes on it's own meaning. To us it's part of something we made. To someone else, somewhere else god knows what it means to them. That's what's so cool about it.

STERLING: DO YOU THINK THAT BY TOURING WITH A BAND LIKE CHAOS UK, YOU GET EXPOSED TO A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO NORMALLY WOULD NEVER HEAR YOU?

Jimmy: There are people who understand what you are doing, know what you're doing, are familiar with the music, and familiar with that style.

Brian: then there are those kids that drove an hour to see CHAOS UK from the back woods of Florida somewhere with their Sid Vicious chain around their necks.

VYNEE: HEH! (Sporting his lock and chain)

STERLING: YEAH WE BROUGHT ONE JUST FOR YOU...ACTUALLY I HAVE HEARD THAT THE SMALL TOWNS HAVE THE BEST SHOWS BECAUSE THOSE KIDS NEVER GET A SHOW AND THEY HAVE SO MUCH PENT UP ENERGY INSIDE...

Brian: Our best show was in Savannah, Georgia. We played in this little dinky warehouse with no advertising at all. It was basically a party scene with a bunch of college people.

Jimmy: There are places that you go to and it just blows you away. You say 'what the fuck is going to happen in this place' and it turns out to be cool.

STERLING: HAVE YOU FOUND A LOT OF COOL SHIT TO DO IN THE TOWNS YOU'VE PLAYED IN, OR HAVE YOU REALLY NOT HAD TIME?

Brian: It depends, sometimes we have too much time on our hands and there is nothing to do, we end up sitting around with our thumb up our ass all fucking day doing nothing. Some towns, we run around for a week and fuck off. We were in New York for a week and I loved it. Then we were in Los Angeles for a week, stuck in a hotel on Hollywood Blvd watching cheesy hookers walk by and gang warfare, people slicing their wrists and shit in the hotel room.

STERLING: AREN'T YOU ALL STARTING TO HATE EACH OTHER IN THAT LITTLE VAN?

Joey: It's like five personalities in a fucking box. You can't avoid it. Somebody is going to annoy the fuck out of somebody else sooner or later. It's

just like you've got to get over it. Sometimes we have problems getting over it, but that's just how it goes.

STERLING: WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT RELIGION?

Brian: They are all so fanatical and one track minded.

STERLING: WHY DO THINK ALMOST NO ONE IN OUR GENERATION CONSIDERS RELIGION TO BE A MAJOR PART OF THEIR LIFE?

Joey: For young people there is like nothing to look forward to.

Brian: They only welcome you if you have the exact same values as them. It should be a personal thing, not something that judges. America is too judgmental

STERLING: DO YOU GET ASKED TO DO BENEFITS?

Brian: If people asked we probably would.

Jimmy: But they don't. People consider us a pretty negative band.

Brian: We don't get asked to do a lot of stuff.

Joey: So many people react differently. Just with the name, there are people that won't even book us for a show because of three fucking words.

STERLING: WELL YOU CAN'T WEAR AN EYE HATE GOD SHIRT FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR WITHOUT SOMEONE ASKING YOU WHAT IT MEANS. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Brian: It doesn't mean anything to us.

Joey: It's just like an actor, you see a fucking actor in a movie playing a murderer - it's like so is that guy a murderer? People are so quick to slap a label on everything.

STERLING: WHERE DID THE NAME COME FROM?

Jimmy: From a guy who's not even in the band anymore, a good friend of mine, the first singer. His opinion on it was that the way people perceive god is fucked up, everybody thinks that their way is best. But now he's a born again Christian. Brian: He resents the name now though. Because he came up with it I guess.

Joey: He thinks he created a monster.

Jimmy: Whatever is better for him though. I mean if being a born again Christian is what he needs to be to exist then so be it. As long as they don't push their opinions on somebody else.

Brian: or say you see a friend of yours and they happen to be a born again and they see you wearing an EYE HATE GOD shirt or something that they don't agree with and they tell you that they don't like you wearing that shirt. It's none of their fucking business.

Joey: It's like there are so many fucked up things that go on right now especially in this country, there are so many really important things, why should people be so upset about a fucking band? You'd think people would have something more important to be worried about than the name of a fucking band.

Brian: Instead of thinking that we're so influential on their kids maybe they ought to try and influence them themselves. If they raise them right they won't have to try and blame their fuck ups on somebody else.

STERLING: WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE BANDS?

Brian: How long is that tape? Me, Mike, and Joey like a lot of industrial shit and old school shit to an extent. We're all into a lot of southern rock.

Jimmy: It's like SABBATH and BLACK FLAG as far as the band is concerned.

STERLING: WHO WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE TO TOUR WITH?

Jimmy: SLEEP

Brian: SLEEP or NEUROSIS.

STERLING: HAVE YOU GOTTEN AIRTIME ON ANY RADIO STATIONS?

Brian: Yeah we get played a lot on the college stations.

Joey: We did an hour long live thing in L.A.

Brian: There's a compilation out now with a cut from that.

STERLING: DO YOU HAVE PEOPLE THAT FOLLOW YOU FROM SHOW TO SHOW?

Brian: Sometimes. We get people who are like fanatical into it. But nothing major, no grateful deadheads following us around or anything.

STERLING: WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU ARE NOT ON TOUR?

Brian: I work. I'm an electrician. We all work. Mike stays in NY, he works wherever he can.

STERLING: ARE THEY COOL ABOUT YOU LEAVING TO GO ON TOUR?

Brian: They are pretty cool about it, they give me hassles. If they start laying people off, I'll be the first one to go. But, I'm not going to let that shit hold me back.

STERLING: ARE YOU INVOLVED IN OTHER BANDS?

Brian: We all play in different shit. I play in a band called SOLYENT GREEN.

Joey: I do some punk.

Brian: He does some noise shit at his house. Jim plays in a band called DOWN with Pepper and Phil from PANTERA. Mark plays in another band called BROTHERHOOD OF IGNORANCE, he plays drums in that band. We all have side things that we do.

STERLING: HAVE YOU HAD ANY CONCERNED PARENTS CONTACT YOU?

Joey: We've had a couple of freaks contact us.

STERLING: LIKE RELIGIOUS FANATICS?

Brian: We had Joey's address on the album cover and he has gotten hate mail and shit.

Joey: I got some letter from Puerto Rico thinking that the band was some way to help them with their mental problems, wondering if they could come to the summer camp for sadists to get treatment. Just crazy fuckers, people who probably saw shit on the cover of the first album where we had people with diseases and stuff and like related to that, thinking it's something that's going to help them. Mostly we get mail from people that are into it. But it's almost like they are into it so much that it's scary. There are people that are fanatical about, they say, 'we listen to it all the time!' I mean we don't even take this seriously.

Brian: They tell us 'yeah, I'm going to go home and do this and do that, I'm going to quote your band.'

Joey: They quote shit from the lyrics. They come up with all these fucking meanings. I guess it provokes some

kind of feeling that they relate to or something.

STERLING: MIKE, YOU'RE PRETTY QUIET COMPARED TO ON STAGE.

Mike: Yes because I don't feel good.

STERLING: BUT YOU ARE ALWAYS QUIET.

Mike: Not really.

STERLING: YOU ARE QUIET AND POLITE, THEN YOU GO ON STAGE AND UNLEASH, DO YOU JUST SAVE IT UP?

Mike: I'm just sober.

Joey: He's been known to have to be knocked out to get him to stop talking. Sedated to shut up.

Mike: That's usually after a show though.

STERLING: SO WHERE DO YOUR LYRICS COME FROM?

Mike: Off the top of my head mostly. Some of them are really old, from like the eighties, I saved them.

Joey: He doesn't even live in New Orleans anymore. We'll just make up the music part and then whatever he does is like his part of the band - we don't try to lay out any guide lines or anything.

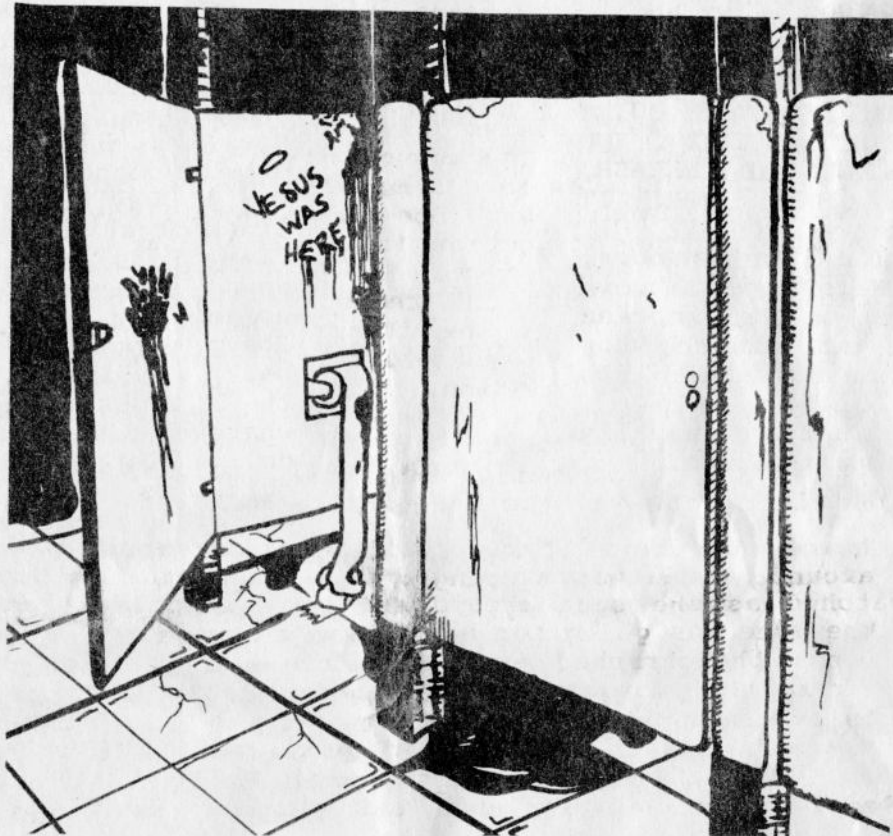
Jimmy: We never shoot down anybody's ideas or anything.

Joey: Once the music part is down, he gets the tapes and then whatever he wants to do. A lot of the live shit is like improv almost. Each show is different.



Alex Meets Jesus And His Pals

BY
MIKE
STICKEL



When Alex walked into the morgue in the basement of the Hennepin County Medical Center the first thing he heard was the chinese version of Bobby Goldsboro's 'Watching Scotty Grow'. Christ; he hated chinese pop music. Every time he and Linda Chung worked the midnight shift together she played that annoying 'music'.

Linda was at her station, elbows deep in the evisceration of an old lady who still had her glasses on. She looked up. "Hi Alex! Number seven is next!" Her voice was muffled behind the plastic faceshield.

Alex didn't say anything, just walked over to the bank of refrigerators and grabbed the clipboard off #7. He read that the decedent was a John Doe found slumped in a toilet stall at Stumpfinger's Saloon; delivered DOA about three hours ago. The Coroner's Office had authorized a medical-legal autopsy. Alex jerked open the small, square door, pulled out the tray and transfered the sheeted John Doe on a gurney to his station.

Alex was still a virgin when he recieved his Bachelor's in Biology at the age of 24. Deciding to pursue a Master's in Pathology; the stress of grad school drove him to seek sexual relief in campus men's rooms. By the time he graduated, Alex was a full-fledged 'Tearoom Queen'. He knew all of the 'hot johns' in the twin cities, from parks and highway rest stops to upscale department stores and restaurants and the best times to be there.

Now the Chinese guy with the voice that sounded like the tape was being stretched through the cassette player was singing a version of the Laverne & Shirley theme song. Alex thought if he had to listen to this crap all night he would go crazy. He transferred the decedent from the gurney to the autopsy table and angrily pulled the muslin sheet off the cadaver.

What he saw was a severely emaciated Hispanic or Semitic male in his early thirties. Distinguishing marks included an elaborate tattoo of a crown of thorns circling his shaved head. John Doe also had the biggest and ugliest penis Alex had ever seen. Thick and veiny with an enormous circumcized glans; Christ! it hung halfway to his knees! Sneaking a glance behind him to make sure Linda wasn't watching, Alex grabbed the heavy penis in both hands. He'd always wanted to handle one this big and he was impressed with the amount of flesh his hands couldn't hold. Reluctantly, Alex let go and started the procedure.

Two hours later, John Doe was an empty man. His internal organs lay on the dissection table where they had been lifted from his body in one piece, like an engine block. The skull had been sawed in half and the flap of scalp pulled forward so it covered the face. Now it was Alex's job to dissect and weigh the organs, then heatseal them in a plastic bag with a squirt of formalin solution. Later, they would be delivered to the fourth floor where the pathologists with M.D.'s would determine the cause of death.

The Chinese pop music had turned to a Chinese comic. He could tell by the way the audience laughed when the guy paused.

Alex hummed to drown it out. A sharp gasp behind him made Alex turn around. Linda was staring open-mouthed at John Doe's groin. He watched as she spun around and trotted back to her station. Alex knew she was going for her Polaroid camera.

Linda photographed every unusual or over-sized penis that came into the morgue for her personal collection. She was especially fascinated by the rare cases of 'angel just' - cadavers with erections - claiming she was writing her thesis on the subject. Alex had often seen Linda in the cafeteria huddled with her girlfriends and giggling over the personal album.

Linda came back with the camera and a tape measure that she tossed to Alex. She tipped up her faceplate and smiled sweetly at him. "Could you please measure the length for me so I can take a picture, Alex?" Embarrassed, but not knowing how to refuse, Alex did as he was instructed. A flash blinded him.

"Thirteen inches, flaccid!" she exclaimed. "Ok, now measure the circumference. There, around the middle where it's fattest!" Another flash blinded Alex. "Now move the penis so I can get a clear shot of his scrotum." Alex flipped it over and it fell into the empty abdominal cavity with a wet smack. FLASH. "they're the size of tennis balls; the girls are going to crap when they see this one!" She reached out and grabbed the heavy penis in her double-gloved hand. Linda looked at Alex, her eyes were moist and pupils dilated, then told him, "I'd sure hate to be on the receiving end of this; wouldn't you?"

Alex and Linda turned around when they heard the door slam. A man and woman walked toward them holding revolvers. The man wore a close cropped beard and was dressed in shiny, black leather decorated with chains and studs. An SS officer's cap covered his shaved head. The woman was much shorter, wearing a baggy pair of athletic shorts, Birkenstocks, and a sleeveless sweatshirt that was cut-off just below her apple breasts. A shock of scraggly blonde hair had been pulled up tightly to the top of her head and kept there with a rubberband.

Ignoring Alex and Linda, who stood there stupidly in their blood and lymph stained aprons, the pair gaped at John Doe's eviscerated body. "See, I told you they'd bring him here!" said the leather fascist.

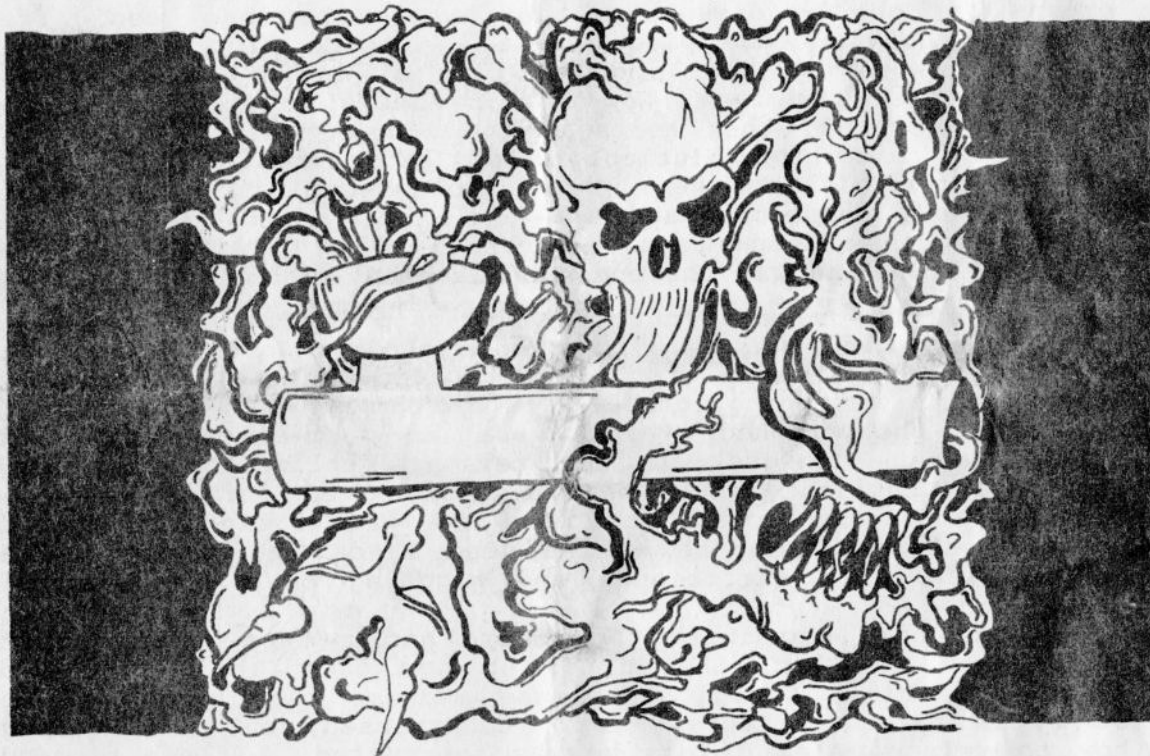
"Who did this? Who did this to the messiah!?" The woman jerked her gun from Alex to Linda.

Thinking fast, Alex jerked his thumb at Linda. "She did." Linda stared at him in disbelief.

"You did not have permission!" She raised the revolver and fired at Linda's temple. The exit wound took out half her head and she crumpled at their feet. Her plastic faceshield scittered across the floor where it stopped under the autoclave.

Alex looked down, appalled. That could have been him! He quickly stepped out of the way of the expanding pool of blood. The smell of gunpowder mixed with the odor of formalin solution to create a particularly nauseating stench.

Alex knew the hospital basement was unoccupied except for the morgue, this early on a Sunday morning, but he still hoped



that someone had heard the gunshot and alerted Security. Alex tipped up his faceshield. "Who are you?! What do you want?!" He tried to make it sound like they were fucking with the wrong guy.

"I'm the Apostle Thumper," said the woman. "And he's the Apostle Jimmy. We've come to pay respects to the Messiah; Jesus, the Christ. Can't you see how he's been blessed by God?"

Apostle Jimmy - the leather fascist, was bent down, looking into the empty skull of the John Doe. "How did Jesus die?" he asked.

"He was found dead about six hours ago in a toilet stall at Stumpfinger's Saloon, clutching a crackpipe. Cause of death was probably ventricular fibrillation, er, a heart attack," Alex mumbled.

"You stupid fuckhead!" the Apostle Thumper yelled at the alleged Savior of Mankind. She started to cry.

"Hey Thumper." Jimmy tapped her quaking shoulders.

"What!" Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

He pointed his gun at Alex. "I think I know this guy."

"You do? How?"

"Remember a couple weeks ago when I got a blowjob at the St. Paul bus station from a guy who chewed on my dick?"

"Do I? I was the one who put merthiolate and bandaids on it. remember?"

"Well this is the guy."

"No shit!" Said Thumper, studying Alex. "Y'know; he does look like a tearoom queer!"

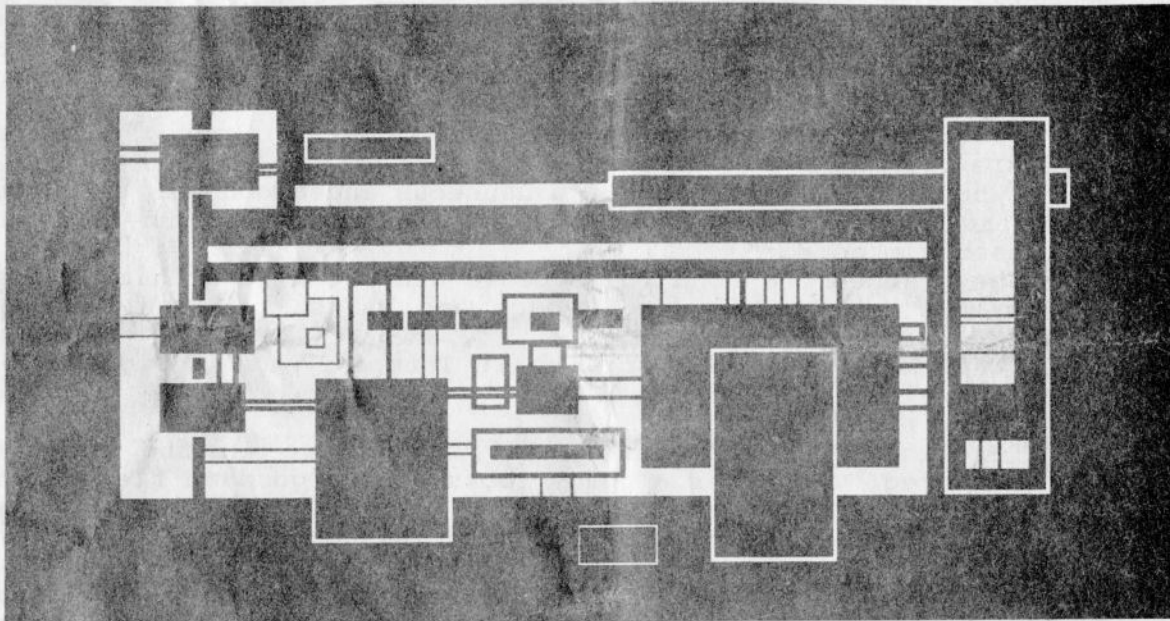
"You're mistaking me for someone else." Alex mumbled to his shoes. He remembered all too well this guy who had sadistically tried to choke him with his big cock in the bus station toilet.

"Sure, you was standing in paper shopping bags so nobody could see your feet." He turned his attention to Thumper. "Know what else he did?"

"What?" She was snickering at Alex's humiliation.

"He spit out my cum!"

"So what?!" screeched Thumper. "Your cum tastes like dishwashing liquid!"



"You swallowed it!"

"Only because you pinched my nose shut until I did, you shit!"

"HA HA! You should have seen the expression on your face when I did that! HA HA HA!"

The Apostle Thumper looked pissed, but finally joined the Apostle Jimmy's whooping laughter. "Too bad none of the other disciples videotaped it!" she screamed.

Jimmy suddenly quit laughing and glared at Alex. "Nobody spits out my cum and gets away with it!"

"What are you going to do. make him suck your cock again?" She couldn't stop giggling.

"I'd rather stick my dick in a meatgrinder!" Jimmy laid his revolver on the instrument tray, unbuttoned his trousers and pushed them down until his fat, uncircumcised penis flopped out. He grabbed a test tube in hand and massaged his cock with the other. "Watch this," he said.

"HEY!" Thumper yelled at Jimmy. "There's a lady present."

Embarrassed, Jimmy turned around so they could only see his hairy ass. "You didn't act like this before your surgery!" he said, over his shoulder.

"Well I'm a woman now and I expect to be treated like one!"

"Bitch."

"Leather queen."

For a moment the only sound in the morgue was the water flowing in the gutters of the autopsy table and the jingling of the Apostle Jimmy's jacket chains. Alex panicked. "Help! Help! Somebody- !" The Apostle Thumper pistol whipped the back of his head. Alex fell to his hands and knees in the pool of Linda Chung's blood.

"Shut up or I'll kill you right now!" she screamed at him.

"Kill me now...kill me now." Alex whimpered. He could feel chunks of Linda's brain squashed under the palms of his hands.

Thumper grabbed the back of Alex's neck and pulled him to his feet. "You've got work to do, tearoom fag!"

Jimmy turned around without missing a stroke. "Will you guys shut up! I'm trying to concentrate."

"Aren't you finished, yet?!"

"I need a dirty magazine!" he whined.

"This ain't one of your porno bookstores! Now pull up your pants; one more thing and we gotta go!"

The Apostle Jimmy dropped the test tube and pulled up his trousers, stuffing his half hard cock in last. He winked at Alex and gave him a lewd, wet, air-kiss. He grabbed his gun off the instrument tray.

"You do one more thing for us and we'll leave," Thumper told Alex.

"What?" Alex felt dizzy and nauseous and blood was trickling down the back of his neck. The strike with the gun-butt had concussed him good.

She grabbed the John Doe's penis and shook it at him. "This! I want you to cut off Jesus' cock and balls so I can take 'em with!"

"What are you gonna do with it Thumper?" asked Jimmy. "Put it on the alter next to yours?"

"Damn right."

"Fuckin' Aye, Thumper! Don't you believe in the sanctity of the sacred! The alter already looks like a goddamn flea market booth!"

"So what!" She shoved Alex with her free hand. "Now get to work!"

Alex pulled off his bloody gloves and put on a new pair. Looking over the instrument tray he grabbed a clean Bard-Parker knife handle with a #20 blade and an Allis forceps. The pair of disciples snickered as Alex performed the complete castration of their Messiah. Alex put the genitals in a plastic bag and heat sealed them in a couple squirts of formalin solution.

"Don't you have any jars?" Thumper whined.

"Sorry, we don't use them anymore."

"That's OK Thumper, we got a pickle jar at the church you can put it in!" The Apostle Jimmy burst out laughing.

The Apostle Thumper wasn't amused. "Funny, asshole!" she told him. "Now cuff him to the Lord!"

Jimmy smiled and took a pair of handcuffs from a case on his belt. Alex backed away, but Jimmy grabbed his arm and slapped a bracelet on his wrist. He was dragged back to the autopsy table where the other bracelet was slapped onto the wrist of the John Doe. "This is just so we can get a headstart," Thumper told Alex.

"You think he has any tattoos?" Jimmy asked Thumper.

"I'll bet he has some fag tattoo, like a butterfly, on his ass!"

"Let's find out!" Jimmy ripped off the bloody apron and pulled Alex's loose-fitting drawstring pants down with one pull. He wasn't wearing any underwear. His ass forgotten, they stared in disbelief at Alex's groin.

"Is that your dick?" quipped Thumper. "My sympathies!"

"Hey Thumper! It's even smaller than yours was!"

"A lot smaller!" Thumper grabbed a plastic ruler from the instrument tray and got down on her knees in front of Alex. "Two inches?! You gotta be kidding! Maybe it's one of those that gets bigger when it gets hard!" She reached up and fondled Alex.

Alex willed himself to stay soft. He was excited but wanted more than a handjob. Alex squirmed under the touch of the apostle.

Thumper looked up. "What's wrong? Don't you think I'm pretty?"

"Maybe a little oral stimulation..." Alex's voice trailed off.

Thumper stood up. "Jimmy, give the tearoom fag a hard-on." Jimmy grinned at Alex as he pulled a coil of piano wire from his pocket. Before Alex could react, the Apostle Jimmy was behind him and the garrotte was around his neck. The leather fascist grabbed a suction tube from the instrument tray and stuck it through the garrotte's endloops. He spun the suction tube as fast as he could.

Alex's hands went to his throat as the piano wire bit into his flesh, dragging the John Doe partway off the table. His feet did a fast shuffle in the pants puddled around his ankles and his tiny penis popped into a full erection.

The Apostle Thumper got back down on her knees and jabbed the ruler toward Alex's crotch. "Quit kicking!" she screamed at him. By this time, the relentless twisting of the suction tube had turned Alex's face a dark purple and his tongue stuck straight out. His legs were in constant motion.

Thumper stood up. "I guess about three inches, maybe. Poor fuck."

"Hey Thumper, you think this guy is a shooter or a dribbler?" Jimmy asked through clenched teeth.

"He's a shooter; all guys with tiny dicks are shooters!"

"Betcha a buck he's a dribbler!"

"You're on!" Thumper got back down on her knees to watch as Jimmy kept twisting the suction tube. Alex gave a final gurgle-shriek and shot a jet of semen past Thumper's face. She screamed in delight. Jimmy let go of the garrotte and Alex slid to the floor, dragging the eviscerated John Doe on top of him.

The Apostle Thumper grabbed the plastic bag containing the Son of God's genitals and tucked it down her baggy athletic shorts. As the pair of disciples walked out of the morgue, the Apostle Thumper punched the Apostle Jimmy in the shoulder.

"Don't forget," she said. "You owe me a dollar."



RECORD REACTIONS

If you could hear the pathetic noise that is described to me as punk or alternative or cutting edge or hard or funky that I listen to every intermission, your ears would bleed. I am so sick of giving equal attention to evidently unequal effort. Additionally, what is the point of slagging a band - so I don't like it, maybe I don't even know anyone who can tolerate it...that still doesn't mean that you won't think it is killer. You are entitled to your opinion, I can only suggest. Therefore we are changing our review policy to include the rave review of the best 25 samplings of music we receive, that is 5 reviews per person assigned to review. I hope this agrees with you - it's not like you read every review anyway, right?

WHO KILLED BAMBI "15 Minutes of Fame" (indy). This band's motto is "Punk is an attitude not a fashion statement," and they reflect this with their music. DEAD MILKMEEN meets the RAMONES best explains this band. Good old fashioned fun punk rock. \$10ppd POB 656607, Fresh Meadows, NY 11365. (SS).

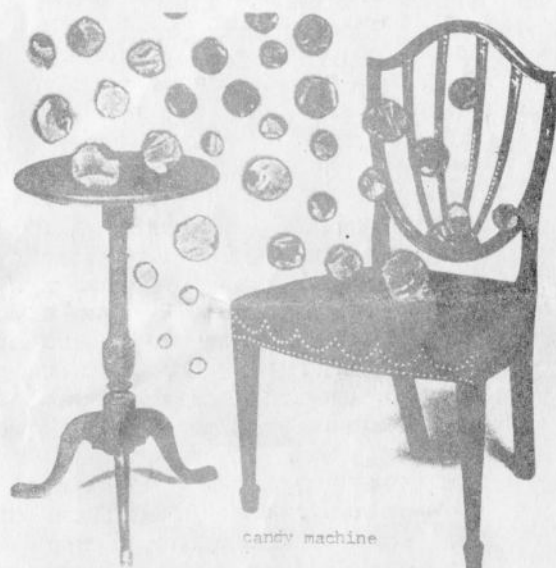
MANIC HISPANIC "The Menudo Incident" (Dr.Dream). With a line up of seven, including former members of JOYRIDE, ADOLESCENTS, AGENT ORANGE, CADILLAC TRAMPS, and THE GRABBERS, MANIC HISPANIC is a fun-filled, Spanglish adventure that includes a Spanish version of "God Save the Queen," and mixed renditions of "Wasted" and "12XU" to name only a few. I don't think one person has set foot in my house recently without hearing it. No self respecting gavacho can turn this one down. (SS).



SNFU "The One Voted Most Likely To Succeed" (Epitaph). If you have been living in a hole, SNFU is one of the all time killer punk bands without the typical old school sound. They released their first album in 1984 and signed with Epitaph in 1993, making this their second release on said label. Proving that they have grown up without growing old, "The One Voted" is even better than "Better Than a Stick in The Eye," which many thought could never be beaten. This is it kids. (SS).

BOLLWEEVILS "Heavyweight" (Dr. Strange). Punk on the harder end of the spectrum. Very easy to love. Possibly a reflection of the fact that it was recorded live, extremely high energy. Kind of Screeching Weaselish, I like this band even more with every album. (SS).

WAYNE KRAMER "The Hard Stuff" (Epitaph). One of those rare albums that comes along once in a lifetime and commands both respect and appreciation, "The Hard Stuff" is a story of what it was all about. Wayne Kramer, former MC5 guitarist plays the role of the piper leading the likes of THE MELVINS, PENNYWISE, THE VANDALS, CIRCLE JERKS, and ex-BAD RELIGION guitarist Brett Gurewitz, on a truly unforgettable album. (SS)



TONIGHT
JUMPING! TWISTING! FLAILING! A NO-HOLDS-BARRED, BELOW THE BELT BRAWL!
"THE BOLLWEEVILS"
PRESENT
HEAVYWEIGHT
TWENTYSOMETHING ★ FENCE SITTER ★ LAST LAUGH ★ EYE TO EYE ★ WHO'S TO BLAME?
FINAL STRAY ★ UTOPIA ★ HATE ★ CHRONIC ★ BULLETMAN ★ MAJOR PROBLEMS ★ PAY TO C.M.



CANDY MACHINE "A Modest Proposal" (Skene). It's new it's different I like it I like it! Troubled vocals coupled with disturbing sounds otherwise known as music will pull you into that other further dimension that only good music or good drugs can deliver. Sure to be a favorite for years to come. (AB).

we're ALL strung out on record cleaner

SCHLEPROCK "Out of Spite" (Dr. Strange). That unmistakable Doc Strange signee sound is a certain delight to any music fan. His stamp of approval is all I need as an introduction to a wicked punk band. Very happy punk rock that is sure to get you dancing. (AB).

PSYCLONE RANGERS "The Devil May Care" (World Domination). You may already be familiar with this band's acclaimed single "Feel Nice." Moving beyond that radio stardom, this album crosses that alternative pop barrier with incredible force. Hard pop punk that is guaranteed to get you moving. (AB).



BIG HAIR "The Pickle Farm" (Energy). I think the inside quote, where the lyrics usually go, pretty much narrow it down..."The lyrics on this album are dumb. Therefore, they are not printed. If you can figure them out, rest assured, you're dumb too." So there

you have it, if you like to sing along, this is not the album for you. However if you appreciate music, particularly acid jazz/punk. The twist is, there is a violin. It's nice to hear something different for a change. (AB).

THE BOUNCING SOULS

the good,

the bad,



and the argyle.

BOUNCING SOULS "The Good, The Bad, & The Argyle" (BYO). This is my new favorite album, hands down. I almost wanted to keep it to myself, but I guess I'll share it with all of you. It has emotion, aggression, humor, messages, opinions, and covers of "I Want Candy" and "I Know What Boys Like." Generally all around addictive punk rock. I love it. Enough said. (AB).



if you like Metal, you'll love a stick in the ass.

BITCH FUNKY SEX MACHINE
 "Love Bomb" (Dr.Dream).
 Electric, impulsive,
 headsplitting hardcore
 combined with hip-hop
 makes for an earthmoving
 sound. I am at a loss
 for words. It's intense,
 I love it, you might
 love it. (JS).



ZOINKS "Bad Move Space
 Cadet" (Dr. Strange).
 I didn't expect to like
 this AT ALL. But heh,
 I did. There is a cover
 of the theme song
 "Greatest American Hero."
 Basically, it's happy
 punkish song after song
 that grows on you. (JS).

STREETCLEANERS "Pomona
 Queen" (Rotten). I swear
 to God I heard a
 tambourine. Kind of
 weird in such hard rock
 n' roll, but it works
 out. Definitely pushing
 the limits of what you
 can do and how hard
 you can sound without
 being metal. Technically
 and audibly fucking
 beautiful. (JS).

SOULS AT ZERO "Taste
 for the Perverse"
 (Energy). Imagine if
 you were locked in a
 closet with METALLICA
 and the SKATENIGS.
 Imagine that you are
 very frightened and
 someone is trying to
 kill you and only one
 thing can make you feel
 all better, the bands
 playing endless sets
 in unison. TADA! SOULS
 AT ZERO. However,
 honestly, SAZ blow both
 of the previously
 mentioned bands away. (JS)

DEAD FUCKING LAST "Proud
 to Be" (Epitaph). You
 might have gotten wind
 of these guys when they
 were on Grand Royal
 Records. Well, if I
 thought they were kick
 ass then (which I did)
 I had no idea of what
 I was in store for.
 20 songs, every single
 one of them defying
 the laws of levels of
 greatness. (JS).



Proud to be

THIS IS THE PAGE WHERE ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE

LIZARD MUSIC "Fashionably
Lame" (World Domination).
Coffee shop funk pop.
Sounds like the old
singer of FAITH NO MORE
with HENDRIX guitar
all playing for a band
like WEEN or THEY MIGHT
BE GIANTS. I won't tell
you it's really like
anything that you've
ever heard before, but
I will guarantee that
it is pleasantly
different. I happened
to dig it. (CP).



X "Unclogged"
(Infidelity). I wasn't
sure what to make of
this at first. Basically,
it is an acoustic version
of X featuring our
beloved John and Exene
singing folksy rock
that borders on country.
They came to do the
project after John became
interested in the roots
of punk and rock n roll.
The result is a message
to never forget where
we come from and a pretty
damn good album. (CP).

LOVE BATTERY "Straight
Freak Ticket" (Polygram).

Previously on SubPop,
LOVE BATTERY is your
average grunge band
with an above average
sound. Drummer Jason
Finn describes their
sound as "grungeadelic."
It's easy to listen
to but not easy
listening. If you could
throw a flannel on
Morrisey, you might
be closer to what I'm
getting at. (CP).



LATIMER "World's Portable" (World Domination). This is like a crazy acid trip. One moment it is slow and peaceful and the next it is tearing apart your very being. Unpredictable, unique and a fantastic production. (CP).

SINKHOLE "Space Freak" (Dr. Strange). This is what GREEN DAY would sound like if they didn't suck. Made me feel like spinning around in circles until I passed out. Instead I just ate a huge bag of Doritos and tapped my foot. Two thumbs up and heartburn. (CP).

COND-19506

CONTINUUM

Livin' Lounge

starring:

LOVE JONES
THE LOUNGE LIZARDS
USELESS PLAYBOY
BUSTER POINDEXTER
GALLOP DRUNK
AIDY PRIBOY
TOO FREE STOOGES
THE ZIMMERMANS
EVER LOUNGE
BABY STEPS
DOJKEE
THE VISCERALS
FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTIN
and
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JOEY



Over 60 Minutes of Music in SOUND-O-RAMA

LIVIN' LOUNGE "Fabulous Sounds of Now" (Continuum). A worthy compilation of lounge music which happens to be one of my very favorites in the whole world. Includes Buster Poindexter (of NYDOLLS), LOVE JONES, THE LOUNGE LIZARDS, and more. This is a must have, cannot live without for any longer. (ML).



de Schmog

de SCHMOG "Kiddie Wonderland" (Disclexington Prod.) The evil bastard son of THE CRAMPS and DELIGHT de SCHMOG is like the best of 50's and 60's rock n' roll without the crap. No one around here has argued yet, de SCHMOG is hands down a four star act. (ML).

THE INCREDIBLY TRUE ADVENTURES OF ADVENTURES OF 2 GIRLS IN LOVE Movie Soundtrack (BMG). This is a perfect album for relaxing to or smoking to or fucking to, or whatever. Mostly modern classical music with a few well done light pop songs. One of the best movie soundtracks that I have heard in a long time. (ML).

IVY "Realistic" (SEED). I have been following this band's progress for a couple years now and I can finally say they are the shit. Gorgeous vocals with dreamy guitars and dancable tunes. Comparable to BJORK and THE CRANBERRIES. Truly a masterpiece in the most rewarding form of art, music. (ML).

BETTER THAN A DATE WITH BOB PACKWOOD



You may have experienced being set up, falsely accused, or guilty by association. You might even think that a lot of laws are easily misread, difficult to understand, or completely ridiculous. But you haven't seen or heard anything yet. What follows are some actual, idiotic laws, while probably long forgotten, still in existence across the country. Although it is certainly humorous, it is a frightening commentary on a society that would warrant and create such legislation. It makes me wonder if future generations will laugh at some of the things that we hold as acceptable legal guidelines and if we once again shouldn't sit back and allow such petty individuals to run our lives. People that we, collectively as a society, voted for, enacted these statutes and others that are not so humorous. Raise your voice, vote, refuse to be silenced. We are not a mindless, apathetic "generation X", but we only have a responsibility to prove that to ourselves. We are the only ones that matter because we are the future and only together can we make a change.



? Alaska says it's against the law to look at a moose from an airplane.

? It is unlawful to drink beer in your underwear in Cushing, Oklahoma.

? It is against the law to molest an alligator in Miami.

? It is against Decatur, Illinois, law to drive a car without a steering wheel.

? In Tennessee, it is illegal to drive a car while asleep.

? In Glendale, Arizona, it is against the law for a car to back up.

? In Rutland Vermont, it is illegal to permit your car to backfire.

? Macomb, Illinois says it is illegal for a car to impersonate a wolf.

? New York has a law forbidding blind men from driving automobiles.

? According to Kentucky state law, every person must take a bath at least once a year.

? In Rumford, Maine it's against the law to bite your landlord.

? Florida has a law prohibiting the transportation of livestock on school buses.

? In Seattle, you cannot carry a concealed weapon that is over six feet in length.

? A Stockton, CA law of 1926 makes it illegal to wiggle while dancing.

? In Pender, Nebraska, the dogcatcher can not be a Chinaman.

? A Chicago law forbids eating in a place that is on fire.

? In Normal, Illinois it is against the law to make faces at dogs.

? In Wichita, Kansas, a father cannot frighten his daughter's boyfriend with a gun.

? Waynesboro, Virginia prohibits anyone from eating fruit or nuts on the steps of a church.

? Pharmacists in Trout Creek, Utah, may not sell gunpowder as a headache remedy.

? In Cleveland, it is illegal to catch mice without a hunting license.

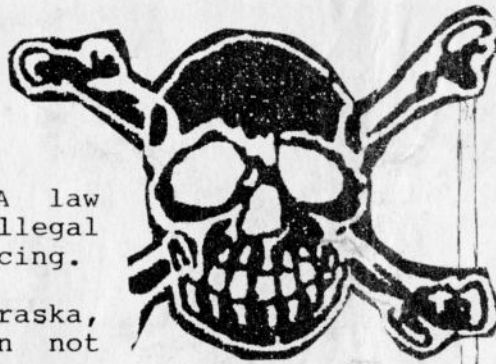
? In Savannah, Georgia, the city code states that it is unlawful to spread false rumors.

? An Oneida, Tennessee, ordinance forbids anyone to sing the song "It Ain't Goin' To Rain No Mo'."

? In Roanoke, Virginia, it is illegal to advertise on tombstones.

? In Louisiana, it is illegal for robbers to shoot bank tellers with water pistols.

? The State of Delaware has a law against pawning your wooden leg.



PRISON PENALS



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The Disappointment by Marsha Painter-Rey

His smile was so inviting.
His eyes begged to be pleased.
His touch was close to frightening.
His kiss brought me to my knees.

Together we slipped into darkness.
To me, he seemed to freeze.
For the secret he did possess,
was that his member was too small to please.

a short poem by Tom Carney

If I were a woman
at least
more people
would want to
fuck me.

Dahmer is Dead by Wes

Dahmer is dead
because he wouldn't go to bed
he wouldn't give head
not unless you were dead
Dahmer is dead
because he wouldn't spread
so he was beat in the head,
not enough said
but Dahmer is dead

Untitled by C.A. Conrad

Frank loves his Coca Cola bottle
she loves him
he loves her fine lean waist
she loves his rock hard nipples
he shoves his cock in her little glass mouth
she cracks and
they're both in trouble

Strategy Tip by Laurie Calhoun

Apparently oblivious to the fact
(or did they really never know?)
that they've no monopoly
on the duplicity market,
purveyors of new world order
propaganda slipped in puddles
of oil squirted from their
own wells secured at the cost
of numerous lives expended
under the shallow pretense
that they were to defend American
values, the kind embraced by families
without children deformed by nerve
and mustard gas. But the purveyors
of justice, though naive by all
appearances, were adept at the same
sorts of games, which they'd learned
from examples left all over the media
in films and clippings, the disappearance
of which could not be effected
without moving swiftly and surely
into checkmate, committing suicide.

NO FREE LUNCH



Let me tell you a little bit about what goes into what you are holding in your grimy little fingers. Besides all the work that goes into creating this zine, it costs money. Real money, my money; dollars, and lots of them. It ain't cheap. Either every red cent comes out of my measly little paychecks or I have to do everything but suck dick to solicit an ad or two. Even then it still comes out of my pocket so that you get more than a book of advertisements. Yes, it is free in Florida...if you happen to pick it up somewhere or if you find me when I am roaming through your town. However, if I have to send it to you it costs money, and as special as you may think you are, I just don't feel that way about you. If you read about the zine somewhere and no price was listed, that doesn't mean it is free. You can figure a buck would cover the postage. This is not the Publishers Welfare Clearing House and I am not giving you something for nothing. If you are truly broke, send me a drawing, or some stickers, or a book or something. But don't be so fucking pathetic as to think I give a shit about you enough to shell out money so that you can read my zine. The Lizard's Eyelid

Fuck Anthony

My parents think I'm crazy.

I really like the zine it makes a lot of sense I wanted to write you so you'd send me a zine

is a privilege, not a right.

Why do you think that so many zines have gone under? Apparently, it is due largely to your own selfishness. There are still those true supporters that send \$5 or \$10 and say "hey keep up the good work, I'm behind you," or send artwork and articles, but those people are becoming more and more rare. Every penny that comes in gets cranked right back into the scene, whether we support a cause, an artist, a band, or whatever - we have to support each other.

I am sick and fucking tired of you losers in your brand new doc marten boots, with your portable cd players and cute little designer raver t-shirts asking for a free zine that it makes me want to scream. There is no such thing as a free lunch. So quit biting the hand that feeds.

The Lizard

Please
issue
Eye

Dec
of

People,
HEY, CAN I HAVE A
COOL COPY OF YOUR MAGAZINE
THANKS

can
The Lizard
to -

PUNK

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y a free trial copy?

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magazine. Thanks.

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(The Joke's on You)

GUS

Chairman is Bored

KILLING SILENCE

God Hates Me

NONPOINT

FACTOR

Take Me

CORE CHAOTIC

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